UTTERANCE

AND OTHER POEMS

ANGELA MORGAN

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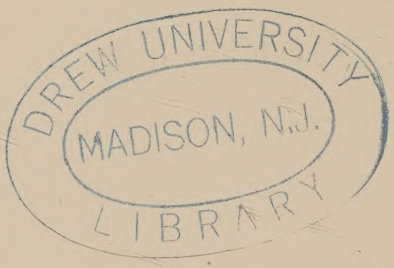
BY

ANGELA MORGAN

NEW YORK
BAKER AND TAYLOR
Trade Selling Agents
1916



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First Impression, November 28, 1916
Second Impression, December 15, 1916

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DEDICATED TO

MRS. JOHN HENRY HAMMOND
MRS. WALTER GRAEME LADD
AND MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE

WHOSE GENEROUS CO-OPERATION AND SYMPATHY
HAVE GREATLY AIDED THE WRITER IN
PUTTING FORTH HER WORK

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Thanks are due to the editors of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The New York Evening Mail*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Hearst's Magazine*, *The Chicago Evening Journal*, *The Christian Work*, *The Pictorial Review*, *The Designer*, *The Chicago American*, and others, for permission to reprint these poems. The writer also acknowledges the kindness of MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE, in allowing the republication of "*Battle Cry of The Mothers.*"

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PART I.

BEAUTY, THY CALL MUST WAIT

Beauty, thy call must wait.
Let others sing
Of hills and stars and every lovely thing—
The world needs all too sadly what they bring
Of solace and enchantment. I would lift
A reverent heart and glad, to praise their gift
Of beautiful, imperishable words—
Amazing voices, eloquent as birds
Singing at nighttime. But for me
There sounds another and a louder plea;
It soundeth early and it soundeth late—
Beauty, they call must wait.
Beauty, thou hast such soft, endearing ways,
Such tender melody of nights and days,
My spirit scarce can hold its eager praise—
The doe-brown dusk that mellows to its close
Within the evening's amber afterglows;
Blue billowing mist
Forever keeping tryst
With mountains blurring as they rise
And fall in rounded symphonies . . .
These are thy ministers and give thee voice,
Yearning as I. Yet I have made my choice,
For, look! The furrows of thy velvet plain
Are graves of precious youths, who died in
vain.
Beauty, thy song will keep.
Another song is sounding in my sleep

And in my waking. All my pulses leap
To hear it trumpeting from every hedge
And every mountain ledge
Where streaming sumach bleeds.
Greatly it pleads
Where trees afire with silver in the sun
March every one
With plumèd helmet and with flashing shield
To tell the tumult of the battlefield.
Even thy storming jewels on the sea
Seem but the blazonry of war, to me;
And while my eyes rejoice,
My ears must listen to that other Voice,
My soul must suffer and my heart must break
For justice' sake.
Beauty, thy flame will wait.
Another torch is burning at the gate,
It burneth early and it burneth late;
Another fire is seething in my soul;
Till I have said the whole
It bids me say, Beauty, thy flame must wait.
Beauty, thy universe is wide
And passionate with myriad suns that stride
Illimitable space. I may not hide
From thee, for thou art everywhere
And thou art rapturous even in despair.
Endless thou art, like to the radiant sand
Running obedient to my hand
And to my fingers tame.
Yet, though my spirit to thy rhythmic name

Flows like a river, every thought shall bend
Its pleading to another end.
And if, for just this while
Beauty, I leave thy smile
To answer the insistent human call,
I shall return again unto thy thrall.
The world's great wound must heal,
Her tears must dry, e'er I may feel
The sanction of my spirit, to relate
All I would say of thee. And so, Beauty,
Thy call must wait.

THE SUMMONS

Hate is the thing that will save mankind;
We love too much in our witless way,
Pulpit, sinner and state allied,
We are far too smug in our peace and pride,
Nation of blind men leading blind
We are all too dull in the psalms we say
In the hymns we sing and the prayers we pray—
Insults flung in the face of Him
And His flaming cherubim.
Hate is the call we are waiting for,
Trumpeting high o'er the boom of war,
A hate so strong and a hate so wide
No wrong can stand in its ruthless tide.
Hate of tyranny, hate of lies,
Hate of the world's hypocrisies.
Hate of arrogance, hate of sword,
Hate of systems that mock the Lord;
Hate of prayers to the Prince of Peace
For terror and war to cease.

Love is the thing that will save mankind,
We hate too much in the sordid way,
Pulpit, sinner and state the same
Our wrath is fanning the brutal flame:—
Hate of Germany, furious, blind;
Hate of English, or hate of Slav;
Hate of foes and the gains they have . . .
We are far too fierce in the prayers we pray

In the deeds we do and the things we say—
Insults flung in the face of God
While war is drenching the sod!
Love is the call we are waiting for,
Trumpeting high o'er the boom of war—
Not love that sits in a silken pew
And plays the game of the fattened few
Pleading for peace that *man* must make
While shells are sold for the Lord Christ's
sake,
But love that hates with a hate divine
The savage call of the firing line
Where man, whose every pulse is love
Must kill, kill! For the kings above;
Kill, kill! Though his sad heart break,
Kill, kill! For his country's sake.
Hate is the power that will save the world;
We hold too hard to the outworn things,
Nations bending before the rod
In the blood-red path their fathers trod,
Keeping the time-worn flag unfurled:—
Love of "honor" and love of kings,
Love of war and the wrath it brings,
Love of money and love of creed
In face of the sad world's need.
Hate is the summons, loud and late. . . .
Hate that is love, love that is hate.
A hate so strong and a love so wide
No wrong can stand in their ruthless tide.
Love for the peoples wrecked by war,

Hate of the goals they grovel for.
Hate of jealousy, hate of strife,
Love for the humblest human life.
O, Christ, most passionate Lover of all,
Help us to answer thy trumpet call . . .
Rally all nations under the sun,
Thy warring peoples pledge as one
In a great world-oath of brotherhood
To toil for the Future's good.
If we hate with a hate that is pure enough,
And love with a love that is sure enough,
Thy Dream for man shall yet have birth,
Thy kingdom come on earth!

THE LOOK

The eyes of an old man looking at me from a
bench in the park—
They have seared my soul, they have thrust
the iron through my spirit,
So that I may no longer sleep quietly
Or walk thoughtlessly upon the earth.
An old man's eyes, wrinkled, watery, abject.
He had a thin shirt and thin lips that could not
smile;
His hands were blue and knotted over his
patient walking stick,
And the wind cut his feeble wrists,
Searched his collarless, pinched neck
Till his eyes blinked, smarting . . .
Am I a coward that I do not go to him,
Lift him instantly from his wretchedness?
Am I afraid, dreading the great horde of un-
answered
And unanswerable problems,
Before which governments and religions quail?
What have I done to you, old man,
What have all of us done to you,
Or what have we failed to do,
That you should sit thus gaunt and lacking
While we have fires and homes in plenty?
. . .
The eyes of an old man gazing at me from a
bench in the park,
The Look of an old man, reproachful, dumb.

Around the corner, only a few rods,
A man and a woman stood at a sumptuous window,
Looking at rare rugs from Persia, Egypt and Japan;
Looking at jades and jewels and lacquered objects,
Intent, critical, with the eyes of connoisseurs.
They talked of prices—so lightly they named them!
Sums that would have kept a hundred men in comfort.
They juggled with prices, this man and this woman,
So sleek, so comfortable, in furs and broadcloth.
Had the old man passed them
Ever so closely, they could not have seen,
Had he brushed their garments
They would have flicked away the touch,
As proud horses whisk annoying flies.
The eyes of an old man, looking at me from a bench in the park,
They have opened a gate in my mind,
Where all the wrongs of the world come trooping in
And will not be kept back.
There is an open place, a sore place, in my mind;
There is a gaping wound in my heart,

And it cries and pains in the night
For thinking of that look
From the old man in the park . . .
Nothing will rid me of it—
Nor tears, nor laughter, nor singing;
No dancing will ease it, though I revel the whole night through.
Even my prayers will not wash it away.

Across the street a girl and her companion walked, laughing.
She had no thought for old men;
A young man strode beside her, and his eyes
Were the only eyes in the world.
Girl, I know. I, too, want the splendor and the woe
Of motherhood.
But the duties of a wife are many
And her joys I may not know,
For the eyes of an old man have called me another way,
And I must go.
Old man, I am coming to you; I am coming to you and your kind.
I will put by my woman's dream, I will leave kisses and caresses
Because of you.
I will say to my hot veins: "Come! Burn white with a high purpose.
For the wrongs of the race must be righted,

They cry out loud and will not be hushed.
They cry out loud to the young and to the daring;
These are the called, these are the chosen;
The calm, the cautious, will never do this thing.
They are too burdened with statistics, they have no sympathy with eagerness.
Come, heart! Henceforth, militant, mighty,
Let our love stream forth to mankind.
Love is not alone for pleasure, love is not alone for bliss.
Love is for the rousing of the nations,
The healing of the world!"
The eyes of an old man looking at me from a bench in the park,
They have seared my soul, they have thrust the iron through my spirit,
So that I may no longer sleep quietly
Or walk thoughtlessly upon the earth.

MAKE OF MAN THE STATUE

Make of man the statue, the priceless piece of art.
All that Greece has given,
All that time has striven
For ages to impart,
Weld it in his sinews, mold it in his thought,
Till the humblest scavenger is gloriously wrought.
Shame upon the galleries, filled with treasures fine
While the work of Heaven—*man*, who is divine,
Shivers in the hallway, shuffles through the street,
Shambles down the alley, with weak and ragged feet.

Make of man the statue, make of man the building.
What avails the gilding
Of altar or of dome,
What the gorgeous tapestries blooming in the home,
What avails the splendor where stately mansions stand
If men who made the mansions are homeless in the land?
Shame upon the church spires climbing to the sky,
While the drudging million suffer, starve and die.

Make of *man* the poem, make of *man* the theme;
Fruiting of the vision, flowering of the dream.
All that Rome has given,
All that Art has striven
For centuries to say,
Breathe it in his spirit, coin it in his heart,
Till the poorest laborer can share the loveliest part.
Make of man the shining, pure and perfect thing;
Give him room to grow in,
Give him fields to sow in,
Teach his lips to sing.
Shame upon the white streets, brilliant with display,
While the hungry people struggle on their way.

Make of *man* the towering, the beautiful emprise,
Great as any temple that reaches to the skies.
Take your "worthless derelict, ignorant and vile,"
Give him skies to dream in,
Love a chance to gleam in,
Teach his soul to smile.
Give his toil its payment,
Clothe him sweet with raiment,
Give him food to nourish,

Help his thought to flourish;
Proudly lift his head, then,
Freely let him stand . . . .
All the rest is said, then;
Clasp his godly hand!

THE MAIDENS OF EUROPE SPEAK

War! Shall you be our lover?
War! Shall you be our mate?
Speak and answer us, Robber!
How shall you compensate?
You who came like a thief in the night
And snatched your men for the brutal fight,
Nor reckoned with the maidens,
The white-faced maidens,
The star-eyed maidens standing in a row—
(My lover, O, my lover! God calls and you must go.)
How shall you answer the heart's call
And the soul's call
And the blood's call
For him who was all in all?
You who have killed our lovers, and let the love remain,
How shall you kill the pain?
Who is the Fiend from whom you came? . . .
Can you name his name
Who gave you the right
Masked with glory and armed with might
To steal away our brave men, our dear men, our young men
With all their lives untold . . .
(O, kiss me, kiss me, lover! But alas, his lips are cold.)
Do you know when you slaughter a million men

You slaughter more than a million dreams
never to bloom again? . . .
And break the hearts of maidens,
White-armed maidens,
Sad-faced maidens standing in a row.
(O, empty moonlit places where lovers used
to go!)
We with our womanhood denied,
Never to bear the name of bride
Challenge and face you, Robber!
How can your kingdom stand?
You who have dared to countermand
Edicts of Love, and cannot see
You rob, not us, but the race to be.
You who stole our dear men, our brave men,
our sweet men,
With all their powers furled
(Those who should have lived, not have died,
for the world)
Do you know that with every million men you
killed
You scoffed at the rights of maidens, unful-
filled? . . .
Right of the ewe to the lamb, right of the tree
To flower and fruit, right of the rose to the bee.
Right of woman to mate with man,
Right of God to his plan.
(O, shattered dream of a tender nest
And a babe at the breast!)
War! Shall you be our lover?

War! Shall you be our mate?
We who must go love-starved for life,
Never to know the name of wife,
Challenge and face you, Robber!
How shall you compensate?
You who came like a thief in the night
And stole your men for the brutal fight
Must answer to the maidens,
The million weeping maidens,
The stark-eyed maidens
Standing in a row.
(My lover, O, my lover! Why did I let you
go!)

"IN THE NIGHT WATCHES"

O, Thou who art driving the silver-swift wheels
of the sun,
Rushing on, rushing on, rushing on in the dead
of the night,
I have roused me to hear;
I have roused me to hear how thy planets are
satinly spun,
How thy forces are sandaled for flight.
And I listen in fright,
Yea, I waken in wonderful fear,
For that which was soundless is clear,
The whisper and whir of thy pulse, it hath
come to mine ear.
Hush! . . . I hold me so still
To the beat of thy will,
Throbbing on, throbbing on, throbbing on in
the infinite dark;
I will stifle my breathing to hark.
I will hollow myself as a flute
That thy spirit may speak,
I will hold myself utterly mute.
O, Thou who, unsleeping,
Art endlessly keeping
The worlds in the universe wound—
Every rod, every disk, every intricate part,
Slipping on, slipping on, slipping on, without
error or sound,
To measure the pulse of thy heart;

What care I if Thou hast not form, or a human
embrace!
If Thou hast not a throne or a crown or a
mansion in space,
Need my being despair?
Thou art larger and freer than air;
Thou art here when I call,
And thy beauty encompasseth all.
I will make myself smoother than glass—
Yea, white as a mirror is white,
To gather thy breath as it pass,
To garner thy light.
Thou art larger and freer than air, and as air
Thou art near,
Who hast strangely and terribly opened the
path of mine ear,
Who hast lengthened
And strengthened
My hearing to follow the timing,
The delicate chiming,
Of sphere upon sphere . . .
Far up where the racing of minutes and pacing
of hours is heard,
And a star ticks time, ticks time to the heart
of a bird.
I will hold me as hushed as a harp to the sound
of thy coming,
As a forest of pines awake to the far winds
humming,
I am thine to be shaken,

O, Thou who didst waken
And call me to hear, in the sweet of the night,
How Thou feedest the fires of thy planets, enamored of flight,
And tendest the furnace here in my breast
That hath never known rest.
I will hold me as slim as a reed
The more finely to heed . . .
I will humble myself as a weed.
Yea, God, so the heart of thy secret I find,
I will humble myself as grasses that worship the wind.
What care I if Thou hast not a name,
Who art Power and Presence and Force,
Who art Infinite Source,
Who art wind . . . who art flame!
If Thou hast not body, wings, or a lightning face,
Doth it matter to thee?
Thy being with mine casts its pace;
When Thou speakest to Saturn, Thou speakest also to me.
I am thine to be shaken
And lifted and taken;
Thine to be whirled
On, on to the ends of the world,
So the might of thy message I bring!
I will shout, I will sing,
I will cry from the housetops this marvelous thing . . .

I will call to the bowed, broken, desolate
children of men
The joy of thy coming again.
O, flame in the wind, O, Voice in the flame . . .
Forever and ever and ever the same,
In the night, in the dawn,
Throbbing on, throbbing on, throbbing on!

PART II.

HUNGER

THE DAWN

The Dawn is my lover, the Dawn in the flush
of his waking;
His throat thrilled and aching,
His breast crimsoned over
As fields of sweet clover,
His mantle outflowing
O'er limbs lithe and glowing—
A god in the truth
Of invincible youth.
Dawn will not cheat me,
Dawn will not hold forth alien arms to greet
me.
When all my being hungers to be fed,
Dawn will not yield a cruel stone for bread.
He knows no tragedy of stolid kiss
Of sated passion and of slaughtered bliss.
Forever in his heart there burns the fire—
His pulses beat with beautiful desire.
And I who am waiting
Impatient for mating,
I lean to his shoulder,
My hope growing bolder,
And exult in the rise
Of passion's surprise
In his glorious eyes.
Yea, I who am lonely
I look to him only—
The Dawn is my lover!

THE TREES

The trees are my lovers, the trees in their awful
foundation,
Their socket of soundless creation;
Plumbing the earth with their wonderful wires,
Upthrusts of energy, sprung from the fires
Of primeval desires.
Oh, the awe of their hushed understanding,
Their mighty commanding!
Towers of tenderness flung to the sky
To message the call of the deep to the high,
To carry the hurt of such lovers as I.
Trees will not mock me,
Trees will not yield a cold embrace to shock
me,
Nor quench my fires with nerveless inattention,
With stupid, human lack of comprehension.
Trees do not turn an unresponsive cheek
When I the hunger of my soul would speak.
Forever are they comrade to the core
Where earth's tremendous energies have store,
Their sources fathom leagues beneath the sod,
Sunk in the throbbing dynamo of God.
In the dusk, in the sweet,
I can hear their hearts beat . . .
Their branches outreaching
In tender beseeching,
Their leaves live and burning
With beautiful yearning.
Oh, the love—oh, the healing—

The exquisite feeling!
With all my adoring
I heed their imploring . . .
The trees are my lovers.

THE STORM

The storm is my lover, the storm when his fury is maddest,
The storm when his passion is gladdest.
At the height of his raving
He answers my craving
And comes to my saving.
Though flesh doth deny
My hunger its cry,
I am taken to wife
In the hurricane's life.
And she that looks on knew never such wooing,
Such splendid pursuing.
Yea, flesh stands aside
With a stab in its pride
And envies the rapture
We terribly capture
Abroad in the sky . . .
My lover and I!
Breathless and cold in the might and the fright of it,
Laughing and bold in the heat and the sweet of it,
All of my being I give to his clasping,

All of my breathing I give to his gasping . . .
Aloft in high places,
Through eloquent spaces,
The night in our faces.
And now in a lull,
When our rapture is full,
Softly, swiftly down-dropping
In space without stopping,
Drunk, dizzy and blind,
Seeking only to find
Oblivion's rest.
Oh, the hush . . . oh, the calm
In this region of balm,
Delicious and best . . .
His head on my heart and his sob in my breast . . .
Till renewing our madness
And seized by our gladness,
We rise to a whirlwind of mighty devotion,
Of frenzied emotion.
Oh, my wonderful lover—
Such bliss to discover!
O, lash me! O, hurt me! O, shake me! O, make me!
Compell me and quell me.
Beat me and bruise me and brutally use me
If only you love me,
The darkness above me—
If only you hold me
And ardently fold me.

If only you love, without pause, without breath,
Praying rather for death
Than your arms should release
And our ecstasy cease.

THE VAST

After the whirlwind . . . what? The dull
release,
The stupid sinking into velvet peace,
Satiety and nothingness again,
Devoid of striving and devoid of pain?
Shall I, then, who am daughter of desire,
Cease for an hour to hunger, to aspire?
Shall I, who am unconquered, be content?
Can I, who am insatiable, be spent?
No, and a thousand . . . no!
My fires will not have it so.
Winds, dawns and wonders . . . all of
them are weak
To voice the hunger that my soul would speak.
To live . . . to gasp . . . to love . . .
'tis not enough.
The Self of me is made of madder stuff.
Flesh cannot utter me, nor storms, nor trees—
Nor all the tumult of a thousand seas.
My puny form, so woman-frail and sweet—
I laugh to see its futile hands and feet.
As if they could do else than misconstrue me,
Deny me and most cruelly undo me.
As if they could express one millionth part

The hurricane that rages in my heart.
Ah, we are bigger than our bodies . . . so much vaster!
The insatiable *Spirit* is our master.
The hunger that is in me knows no sating,
And calls upon the universe for mating!
I must let loose upon the Vast . . .
For there my lover is at last!
Freed from this cage,
In wild abandon and in rage
To run among the clouds as the wind runs,
Sheer-footed, mad with suns.
Treading thunders
And clasping wonders,
With stars for sandals and the night for wings,
Boldly to seek where Saturn swings.
Oh, there's such fury in me—such fierce aspiring,
Such huge desiring!
I need Infinity to feed me,
Mightily, incessantly to breed me.
I must be furiously unfurled . . .
Seized and hurled,
Outflung
Into the vortex where planets are spun,
World upon world, sun upon sun.
Oh, to be tossed and torn,
Of all strength to be shorn;
Fearfully to be unfashioned,
Terribly to be passioned,

Poured forth on some resistless surge,
One with its urge.
To be sucked up by some devouring Source,
Terrific in its force,
My Self the essence, ecstasy, or what you will,
Soul of the shudder, center of the thrill,
My Self the terror and my Self the fire,
My Self the very substance of desire . . .
Swept into the great Cosmic Need
Where planets breed.
To be gushed out, enraptured and afraid,
My Self the fluid of which seas are made!
Gloriously to be shattered,
Wonderfully to be scattered,
Splintering like spray
In delirious dismay . . .
To be drifted and sifted,
Hurried and flurried,
Blown forth in vapors and in wind,
Despairing utterly my Self to find.
Passionately to be drained,
Interminably to be strained —
Thinly and keenly poured,
By yearning elements adored.
Abandoning my soul,
Utterly absorbed, losing myself in the whole.
Then slowly, deliciously to be updrawn in
trembling,
My scattered forces all assembling
From the four quarters of the obedient sky

To reach the central being that is I.
Oh, how the huge herding Forces use me . . .
How mightily the moulding Powers fuse me!
Breathing me, seething me,
Pelting and melting me . . .
Till suddenly in suffocating spaces,
Caught in mysterious embraces,
Pinioned and held,
Adorably compelled,
I revel in such cruelty of bliss . . .
Life, Death and Hell were fashioned but for
this! . . .
Then swift release,
My Self gone swooning into utter peace . . .
Till trumpets summon me and I am flung
Amid fresh worlds of wonder, newly sprung
From the great universal urn,
Where solar systems burn.
Borne breathlessly o'er iridescent mountains
Past cosmic fountains—
Mighty Niagaras of nights and noons
Gushing their cataracts of stars and moons,
Between astounding ranks of blazing spheres,
Whose terrors vanish as their splendor nears,
I plunge in light, I drip with light, I shine
As gods and angels, luminous, divine.
Oh, storms of radiance, tempests of desire . . .
How shall I compass all your seas of fire?
Dazed, blinded by Infinity, I reach
Groping and dizzy, for the hand of speech . . .

Then the great tumult and the engulfing mist,
My Self adrift in seas of amethyst,
Silence like thunder and the white Awaking,
A glad sun over the hillside breaking . . .
The Dawn is my lover!

PART III.

BATTLE CRY OF THE MOTHERS

Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh,
Fruit of our age-long mother pain,
They have caught your life in the nations' mesh,
They have bargained you out for their paltry gain
And they build their hope on the shattered breast
Of the child we sang to rest.
On the shattered breast and the wounded cheek—
O, God! If the mothers could only speak!—
Blossom of centuries trampled down
For the moment's red renown.

Pulse of our pulse, breath of our breath,
Hope of the pang that brought to birth,
They have flung you forth to the fiends of death,
They have cast your flesh to the cruel earth,
Field upon field, tier upon tier
Till the darkness writhes in fear.
And they plan to marshal you more and more—
Oh, our minds are numb and our hearts are sore!—
They are killing the thing we cherish most,
They are driving you forth in a blinding host,

They are storming the world with your eager
strength—
But the judgment comes at length.

Emperors! Kings! On your heedless throne,
Do you hear the cry that the mothers make?
The blood you shed is our own, our own,
You shall answer, for our sake.
When you pierce his side, you have pierced
our side—
O, mothers! The ages we have cried!—
And the shell that sunders his flesh apart
Enters our bleeding heart.

'Tis over our bodies you shout your way,
Our bodies that nourished him, day by day
In the long dim hours of our sacred bliss,
Fated to end in this!

Governors! Ministers! You who prate
That war and ravage and wreck must be
To save the nation, avenge the state,
To right men's wrongs and set them free—
You who have said
Blood must be shed
Nor reckoned the cost of our agony—
Answer us now! Down the ages long
Who has righted the mother's wrong?
You have bargained our milk, you have bar-
gained our blood,

Nor counted us more than the forest brutes;
By the shameful traffic of motherhood
Have you settled the world's disputes.
Did you think to barter the perfect bloom,
Bodies shaped in our patient womb,
And never to face the judgment day
When you and your kind should pay?

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
Hope of the pang we bore alone,
Sinew and strength of the midnight hour
When our dream had come to flower.

O, women! You who are spared our woe,
You who have felt the mother throe
Yet cannot know the stark despair
Of coffins you shall never bear—
Are you asleep that you do not care,
Afraid, that you do not dare?
Will you dumbly stand
In your own safe land
While our sons are slaughtered and torn?
Bravely through centuries we have borne
And suffered and wept in our secret place,
But now our silence and shame are past,
The reckoning day has come at last—
We must rise! We must plead for the race!
You who behold the mothers' plight,
Will you join our battle cry with might,
Will you fight the mother's fight?

We who have given the soldiers birth,
Let us fling our cry to the ends of earth
To the ends of Time let our voice be hurled
Till it waken the sleeping world.
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
Toil of the centuries come to speech—
As far as the human voice can reach
We will shout, we will plead for our own!

Warriors! Counselors! Men at arms,
You who have gloried in war's alarms,
When the great rebellion comes
You shall hear the beat
Of our marching feet
And the sound of our million drums.
You shall know that the world is at last awake—
You shall hear the cry that the mothers make—
You shall yield—for the mother's sake!

TO AMERICA

It is thine hour, America.
No word but thine can lift this curse;
It is thy moment to fulfill
Thine errand in the universe,
Ambassador of that great Will
That herds and holds the stars in space
And guides the human race.
Speakest of precedent or creed
When higher forces urge thy fate?
All man-made edicts, soon or late,
Must yield before the larger need
That spells the future's right.
Be thine the hand to lift the light,
Be thine the arm to strike the blow
That severs human hate from hate;
Be thine the word to start the flow
Of sympathy and brotherhood
That makes the future's good.
Here in this crisis of the world,
When strength on stubborn strength is hurled,
When thou and thy desires should be
The utterance of liberty,
Lo, thou art blinded with the rest,
And blood is bright upon thy hands
And bitter on thy breast.
Yea, all have sinned, America,
We, too, are slayers of the slain;
Our crime as quick, our wrong as red

As that which shamed the Master's head
And mocked the Master's pain.
And thinkest thou thy prayer avails
Because thou did'st not draw the sword?
The scaffolding thou did'st not make,
And thine was not the word which spake
To crucify the Lord?
America, thy protest fails.
From out the gloom His figure stands,
And lo! 'Tis thou hast shaped the nails
That pierce the Saviour's hands.
Out of this hell of blood and wrath,
This whirlpool of a world's despair,
There breaks no day, there leads no path,
Unless thy people dare.
Fail not, fail not, my motherland!
A world is waiting on thy choice.
Be thou that strong, triumphant state,
Who dares to be immaculate.
Who dares to lift the human cause
Above the cant of minor laws.
Be thou that great, enduring Voice
To speak the most majestic word
By nations ever heard.
America, I see thy goal;
I see thy high, resplendent soul
A torch upon the Future's gate
For those who plead and wait.
From out the thunder of that hill,
Where the sad Christ is bleeding still;

From out the terror and the rage,
The anguish of our stricken age,
Humanity beseeches thee:
"Be thou the saviour of all lands;
Wash thou the stain from off thy hands
And set the nations free!"

THE TITAN

Loose him and let him go!
Ye men of privilege, ye men of power;
The giant who has risen in this hour,
Bearing a crown of sweat upon his brow—
His name is Labor, and his time is *Now*.
Think you tradition's tomb can hold him long?
Progress is with him and his arm is strong.
And feel ye not the passion of his throe?
How dare ye then to bind him to his woe?
Loose him and let him go!
His feet are set in centuries of soil,
His mighty arms about the earth are furled,
Upon his brow the diadem of toil—
His sinews are the courage of the world.
Loose him and let him go! His time is come.
Without him, forge and factory were dumb.
But for his hand the soil would not give birth—
All fires go black upon the nation's hearth.
There is no labor where he has no part,
Commerce keeps time to his tremendous heart;
Tunnels and towers, battleships and mines,
The plenteous product of the fields and vines,
The teeming industry of all the land
He holds within the hollow of his hand.
Cities and parks and palaces and mills—
These are his works, to do with as he wills.
Why . . . should this Titan dare withhold
his breath,
Terror and tears and agony and death

Would straightway fall upon the stricken
world—
This planet into chaos would be hurled!
He is the ladder on which all men rise—
This laborer, this creature of the sod;
How dare ye then withhold from him the prize?
Lo, from his eyes look forth the eyes of God!
Yea, from his eyes the eyes of God look out!
The voice of God is heard within his shout.
Give him the trophies of the truthful soil,
Bequeathed to him by his prodigious toil.
All men pay tribute to the warrior's sword—
Shall his colossal work have no reward?
He only crieth for his heritage,
The fruits that have been his in every age
Had he but dreamed it. But he dreams it
now—
The value of that sweat upon his brow
The tomb of arrogance and human greed,
Justice will shatter it—he shall be freed.
The right is with him and creation's law;
The wildest war this planet ever saw
Shall devastate the earth unless ye heed,
Unless ye harken, *now*, unto his need.
The globe is girdled with his arteries,
His shoulders bear the burdens of the race;
The triumphs of humanity are his—
Man's destiny is written in his face.
O, giant, if you but knew your power!
This is your hour.

THE PLEA OF THE CHILD

TO THE MAIDEN IN LOVE

In the wonderful night
When your longing is white,
When you dream of the mate
Who is chosen by Fate—
A god who comes riding
The tempest bestriding,
With stars for his helmet
And wings for his feet
(Oh! his lips and his eyes and his laughter
are sweet)—
Do you harken my cry?
It is I; it is I;
I who hunger for birth
On the beautiful earth!
For his arms, they are eager and ardent as
Life
To take you
And make you
His helpmate and wife.
Can't you hear, can't you hear
My voice at your ear?
I, the Urge and the Fountain, the reason in one
Since the world was begun!
Since your being was made
I have panted and prayed,
I have battled with death,
Seeking body and breath.

Yea, eons and eons before you were born,
In the young cosmic morn,
I yearned in the stream
Of Creation's first dream.
Mad for breath and for being,
For voice and for seeing,
I raged in the thunder;
I parted asunder
Veil upon veil of the Infinite Wonder,
Daring the centuries, all for your sake,
To bid the pure vision within you awake.

TO THE MAN OF PLEASURE

At the terrible door of your beautiful sin
I am standing within;
Your portal of rapture is fated for me
In the harvest to be.
Do you harken my cry?
It is I; it is I;
I who suffer and weep
For the revels you keep;
I who struggle and plead
For the body I need—
Strong, splendid, and whole
And fit for my soul!
I plead that my blood may be cleanly and red
I plead that my tissues be cherished and fed
Wherever you enter, or early or late,
There am I at the gate.
Wait—think,

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On the brink
Of your perilous pleasure!
What will it measure?
What will it garner of anguish for me
In the future to be?
Don't you see, don't you know
I must reap where you sow?
You may revel to-night;
But the poison, the blight,
The terrible sorrow
Are mine on the morrow.

TO THE AMBITIOUS WOMAN

You stand in control,
You have conquered your soul;
You have stifled the longing for lover and mate,
Defiant of Fate.
Yet to-night you are lonely, and could you but speak,
You would cry for a soft little hand on your cheek.
There are tears in your eyes—I can see as I pass,
When you lean to your face in the glass
Do you harken my cry?
It is I; it is I;
It is I at your knee!
Don't you see, don't you see?
I who plead for the race;

I who yearn for a place
In the Infinite plan
God has fashioned for man!
Ah, fame is a lure,
And its laurels are sure
To the spirit afire
With ambition's desire.
But wait—listen—see!
In the future to be,
Can your crowning compare
To the blessing I bear?
Don't you see, don't you know
Your throe is my throe,
And mine is the pain when you stifle me so?
Is it fair, is it right?
You are lonely to-night.
The shout of the centuries urges my voice—
'Tis the hour of your choice!

WHAT HAVE YE DONE?

(Dedicated to President Woodrow Wilson)

"What have ye done with my children?"
God cried to the sons of men.
"I gave them birth
To gladden the earth
With the first great dream again.
I sent them forth from my kingdom
As torches to light the world,
And each one carried a message,
In each was my purpose furled."
And the voice of God was as thunder
That cleaveth the skies in twain,
For up through the stars and under,
Rending the void asunder,
Came the children's cry of pain.
And the sons of earth made answer,
"O, God, Creator of man,
A terrible thing hath fallen,
For War, it hath wrecked thy plan.
When men are fighting for 'honor,'
When men are fighting for 'right,'
They have no time for the children,
Whose cries come out of the night."
"What have ye done with my children?"
Cried Life to the world at war.
"What is the sound of wailing
And what is the weeping for?
My children went forth rejoicing,

With laughter and love and mirth;
They came from the hills of Heaven
To people the plains of earth.
Saviours and seers I meant them—
Each had a glorious part;
Spirits of fire
From my desire
To gladden the great world's heart."
"Thy children, O, Life, are lying
Where the shrill storm shatters past,
They are wasting, starving, dying,
In the wake of the winter blast.
And War has trampled their bodies
And Famine has sucked their breath—
Beauty that God endowers
Scattered like wasted flowers
Over the hills of death."
"What have ye done with my children?"
Came the sorrowing Saviour's words.
"My helpless, beautiful children,
Tender and sweet as birds.
I sent them forth from my kingdom
Flying on rapturous wing,
And each dear throat
Had a golden note
And a heavenly song to sing.
Helpers of earth, I sent them,
Each on his radiant way;
Doers of deeds and dreamers of dreams
To hasten the world's new day."

"Thy children, O, Christ, are pleading
For bread in the pillaged ways;
Their delicate feet are bleeding
Through shivering nights and days;
Their beautiful wings are broken,
The song in their throat is hushed;
They lie, War's terrible token,
In the roads his heel has crushed.
For nations are mad with battle,
They marshal in huge array;
When armies fight
For 'God and right'
'Tis the innocent souls must pay."
"What will ye do with my children?"
Thunders God's voice to-day.
"Will ye let the millions perish,
Or save them while ye may?
If ye heed not the wail of my children,
Nor stop their hunger and pain,
Ye shall answer to me in the future,
Shall pray to me all in vain.
Ye who are wrapped in plenty,
Unless ye give from your store
In bountiful, joyous measure,
I shall answer your prayers no more.
"They have dared dispute my purpose
To foster the people's lust,
Hath brutally torn my torches
And quenched their flame in the dust.
Yet ye who are guiltless . . . harken!

I shall scourge you with whips of wrath
Unless ye rescue the children
Who die in the cyclone's path.
For they are thine own, thy kindred,
Thy children, as they are mine,
Blood of thy blood, heart of thy heart,
Linked by a tie divine.
Rouse from thy sleep, O Nations,
Gaze on the ruins and see . . .
Inasmuch as ye did this crime to these,
Ye have done it, O, World, to me.
"Lo, from each wasted country
Reaches a piteous hand—
Poland, Armenia, Belgium,
Where mothers weep through the land:
'World, we are willing to perish
If our little ones may live;
For they are the Future's children,
For them, we beseech thee, give!' "

LET US DECLARE

Come, comrades, you who dream and you who
dare—
Let us have utterance; let us declare.
In face of all the firmament,
This world the table whereupon we write,
The day our parchment, and our ink, the
night;
Let us confer
Freely with nature. Let us ask of her
While we lay bare
Our secrets for the Plaeides to share,
What the Creator meant
When he invented longing. Nor let us quail
But ask the full intent.
And why it is mortals so often fail
Of their fulfillment; seek the roots, the cause;
Sift, weigh and measure, find the laws
That keep life innocent of age.
God surely gave us not this rage
Only to mock us for one little while
And to let skeptics say,
"Joy lasts but for a taunting hour, a day,
Then leaves life emptier than an empty smile."

Come, heart of mine, soul of mine,
Militant, glowing, divine.
Let us stand vigorously forth, we twain,
Intrepid, robust, sane;

With all our powers of feeling and of mind
Put forth to find.
O, heart; O, soul; O, lover
Let us rediscover
The vanished secret and the abandoned hope
That lured the seekers to that highest slope
Where the faint-hearted faltered and fell back.
Let us, full fledged,
And pledged
To have the whole, bravely demand to know
their lack.
Let us strike boldly out for that far trail
they lost
Just at the gleaming borderland of Truth,
And—what the cost—
Pause not, nor faint, until we find
Those wild, ecstatic wishes on the wind
Blown from the apple orchards of our youth.
Why limit God's capacity for bliss
Since 'tis man's littleness makes living small;
Cuts short his rapture in one fleeting kiss,
Keeps him from knowing all
That God designed?
Come, soul, and let us find!

Come, mortals! Friends, lovers, fathers,
mothers,
Daughters and sons—let us be free!
In all ways that are great and fair
Let us declare

How we shall live, how we shall love, what
we shall be—
All three.
Able at last to answer back the universe in
its own key,
Let us command the past and future both,
nor be afraid
To live as hugely as our souls are made.
Come workers! Poets, artists, dreamers, more
and more
Let us shake wide our wings and soar.
Let us not fear to answer the high call
That trumpets to us all.
Amid the doubt and chaos of to-day—
The hate, the lust, the rage,
Let us declare for nobler things—
The coming of that age
When man shall find his wings.
Above the roar of cannon and the din
Let us not fear to sound the silver horn
That ushers the new morn—
Come, comrades—let us win!

PART IV.

THE VOICE OF MY LOVER

The voice of my lover, breathing above my eyelids,
"I love you, love you!"
It is like woodland water making music over mosses;
It is like leaping water, high in the sun;
It is like chimes out of midnight,
Rainbows out of turbulence and gloom.
The voice of my lover, whispering against my neck,
"I love you, love you!" It is like sudden violets in hidden places,
Like golden roses, shedding velvet upon my heart;
It is like swift fire out of Heaven, blinding fire
From which my soul may never recover;
It is like lightning and angel chanting.
The voice of my lover, liquid, alluring, saying unto me,
"I love you, love you!" It is like autumn, surging with many colors,
The torch of sunset, flaring crimson above the world.
It is like tumult and crying;
A storm shaking the hills, rooting up trees and lashing the sea into fury.
The voice of my lover, saying unto me, "I love you, love you!"

It is even like unto a harvest moon, ripe and
lucent in the heavens.
It is like a hill crowned with stars; mountains
with dawn upon their peaks.
I, who have been a law unto my own being;
I, who have sworn never to obey other than
the mandates of my higher reason;
I, who have never yielded to mere emotion,
When my lover says, "I love you, love you!"
I, even I, am grown weak as any reed;
I am grown gloriously weak and glad to do
his bidding.
Say it to me, lover!
Breathe it above my eyelids, over and over;
Breathe it against my temples, where God
listens and responds;
Make it known to me in pressure as of velvet;
Make it known to me in kisses budding out
of Heaven.
The voice of my own love, saying to me,
"I love you, love you!"
I am altogether undone by it,
And by it am I born into a new kingdom.

THE BOND INVISIBLE

Thou art the very marrow of my soul,
Thou art the very substance of my thought.
Absent, I still am conscious of the whole,
Glad impulse that my life from thee has
caught.
Core of my core and center of my brain,
Pulse of my pulse and essence of my pain,
I sleep to meet thee in a world apart,
Thy love a moonlight blossom on my heart.
Thou art the very beating of my blood,
Thou art the wings of every soaring aim,
And all the tides of life are at the flood,
Since loving came.

Dearest, thou art so beautifully nigh!
Could we be closer, with the body's tie?
Did God, who put our paths so wide away,
Knowing the bitter mockery of clay,
Design a love unuttered, incomplete,
The highest gift within his royal store,
Knowing that love replete
Could offer us no more?

THE INNERMOST

Oh, to pierce through
To the self that is you!
Oh, could I touch—
Be it little or much—
The terrible fire of you,
Inner desire of you;
Oh, could I find
The Being behind!

Flash in the eyes of you,
Laugh on the lips of you,
Kiss from the mouth of you—
This is not you.
Passion of joy in the glowing embrace of you—
Only a trace of you—
Oh, to pierce through!
Always eluding, escaping, denying
The body's mad crying;
Essence divine of you,
Intimate wine of you,
Poured for my soul
When it compass the whole.
Oh, how I shout to you, cry to you, call
To the Self that is all!
Being that laughs at the counterfeit death of you,

Passion and power and beautiful breath of you—

Greatly I fling all my love to your breast
To find what is best.
Yield to the clasp of you,
Reach to the grasp—
But I cannot pierce through.
This, this is not you!

Hush—Listen—It answers me now o'er the
sensitive wire,
Warm, sweet as desire:
The essence, the fire,
The you that speaks straight to my hungering
spirit—
Love, almost I fear it!—
The while I lean closely and finely to hear it.

You! You! More and more
I must reach to the core;
I must probe, I must pierce,
Where the fountain is fierce,
Where the center is white
With the flame of delight.

Dear love, we must loosen the fetters that bind,
We must seek, we must find.
We are caged in this body, the self and the
soul of us,
All the great whole of us.
Dear, I must reach to your soul,
You to mine;
We must greatly uncover the Being Divine.

We must scatter the dust,
We must conquer this crust;
We must probe to the center,
Where life is begun,
And face, each the other,
Supreme in the light of the sun!

YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN

There's a hurt in the heart of the night,
  There's an ache where a song should be;
At the core of the dawn is blight—
  For you have forgotten me.

Oh, weight of the dragging morn,
  When my sorrow lifts its head—
Oh, curse of a day still-born,
  With my soul's wound running red!

Oh, hours that are bitten through
  With the wormwood of memory,
When my sore heart calls for you,
  Though yours has forgotten me!

A PETITION

O, sky, absorb my sorrow!
Drink my soul up in your blue;
Let me drift on your billows of beauty
To a region far and new.
Draw my sore heart close to your healing,
Let me sob on your bosom wide;
O, hold me and love me and save me—
Let myself in your substance hide.

Let me drift, disembodied, unfettered,
Akin to the clouds and the spray;
Let me melt in the rapture of morning
And tremble with joy of the day.
Let me lie on your pillows of purple
When the sun sinks red in the West,
And drink from the vintage he pours me
From the gold-rimmed goblet of rest.

Let me sweep through the heavens at midnight,
High up where the planets sing—
I will slip so soft through the radiance
Lest I miss what the great stars sing.
O, sky, absorb my sorrow!
Let me lose myself in your blue;
Drink, drink all my sordid complaining—
Make me over, eternally new.

THE ROSE

And so must life be many-veined;
The loves that hurt, the fate that blent
My life with myriad lives and ways,
The processes that probed and pained,
The pencillings of nights and days—
Cross currents, tangling as they went,
With oh, such conflict in my soul!—
How should I know that they were meant
Just to make living sweet and whole,
Just to unclose
God's perfect rose?

A CRY AT SUNSET

Oh, what a sky!
What riot of rose rapture in the West!
Flaming above the gray horizon's gloom,
Behold, a crimson miracle of bloom . . .
A god's long-cherished passion full confessed.
Core of a carmine flame were not more red,
Nor hearts of reddest roses, had they bled.

Oh, what a love,
Could such love ever be!
If love so wonderful could come to me,
Could my unanswered, empty, cheated life
But lose itself in such a love at last,
What were the thousand sorrows of the past?
The void, the strife,
My prayers, my tears,
All the heart-hunger of the aching years?
God! What a love!

PART V.

THANKSGIVING

Thank Thee, O Giver of life, O God!
For the force that flames in the winter sod;
For the breath in my nostrils, fiercely good,
The sweet of water, the taste of food;
The sun that silvers the pantry floor,
The step of a neighbor at my door;
For dusk that fondles the window-pane,
For the beautiful sound of falling rain.

Thank Thee for love and light and air,
For children's faces, keenly fair;
For the wonderful joy of perfect rest
When the sun's wick lowers within the West;
For huddling hills in gowns of snow
Warming themselves in the afterglow;
For Thy mighty wings that are never furled,
Bearing onward the rushing world.

Thank Thee, O Giver of Life, O God!
For Thy glory leaping the lightning-rod;
For Thy terrible spaces of love and fire
Where sparks from the forge of Thy desire
Storm through the void in floods of suns,
Far as the heat of Thy Presence runs,
And where hurricanes of chanting spheres
Swing to the pulse of the flying years.

Thank Thee for human toil that thrills
With the plan of Thine which man fulfills;

For bridges and tunnels, for ships that soar,
For iron and steel and the furnace roar;
For this anguished vortex of blood and pain
Where sweat and struggle are never vain;
For progress, pushing the teeming earth
On and up to a higher birth.
Thank Thee for life, for life, for *life*,
O Giver of life, O God!

REALITY

I dreamed a dream last night, when all was
still,
When earth in sleep forgot her murmurings;
I saw the soul, the spirit—what you will—
Of this vast world; I saw the heart of things.

We call it real, this world of shapes and
sounds,
These objects we can see and touch and hear,
Nor know we of the wonder-world that bounds
And thrills beneath, behind, the human ear.

I looked beneath, nor was I aught afraid,
And saw the living center, fine as flame.
I sensed the substance whereof man is made—
That which defies analysis or name.

I saw that back of everything there lies
This wondrous, shining essence, finer far
Than all the gathered gold of western skies,
More lasting still than suns or planets are.

This, this is real, for this it is that gives
Life, color, motion, form, to what we see.
This hidden something that forever lives,
Sustaining all with subtle certainty.

And have you not, at some portentous time—
Some crisis in your life, some pregnant hour—

Felt a swift breath from out this realm sublime,
Thrilled to the core of being by its power?

That night of fierce soul struggle, when you knelt
And cried aloud that Death unlock the bars;
Then looked above in sudden awe and felt
The mute compassion of a million stars?

That time you listened to some magic strain
Of master music, shaken by its might,
And, all aquiver with its joy and pain
Your soul swept on into some sphere of light?

In vain do men of science seek to prove
The hidden world that throbs behind the seen;
The ever-present Cause of things that move,
Eludes their searching sight, however keen.

As well might sunbeams seek to prove the sun
And rivulets the ocean, as that man—
A living flame from out the Central One—
Should seek to prove the Source where life began.

Within that unseen realm, all thought is born;
Each inspiration and each lofty theme
Is mothered there, and like a ray of morn
Comes shining down into the poet's dream.

We have an outlook on this world of forms,
While deeply rooted in the hidden sphere;
Impregnable to terrors and to storms,
The self-invisible knows naught of fear.

Would man but grasp, with focused powers of
mind
The subtle laws that rule the finer realm,
Abandoning the lesser aims that blind,
The grosser joys that dull and overwhelm,

This dawning century would bring to light
The deepest truths for which we vainly grope;
Would open up new worlds to human sight,
In large fulfillment of our highest hope!

THE POET

Why hast thou breathed, O God, upon my
thoughts
And tuned my pulse to thy high melodies,
Lighting my soul with love, my heart with
flame,
Thrilling my ear with songs I cannot keep—
Only to set me in the market-place
Amid the clamor of the bartering throng,
Whose ears are deaf to my impassioned plea,
Whose hearts are heedless of the word I bring?

And yet—dear God, forgive! I will sing on.
I will sing on until that shining day
When one perchance—one only it may be—
Shall turn aside from out the sordid way,
List'ning with eager ears that understand.
Until that day—thy day—help me to bear
The hurt of cold indifference and the pain
Of seeing all the multitude rush by,
Drowning thy music with their cry for gold!

PART VI.

A NEW SONG OF MOTHERHOOD

He shall not fight for lust of might,
The sons of men he shall not slay;
His sword shall be a sword of light
To bring the larger day.
Wrapped in this little sleeping frame,
Curled in this heart, so small, so deep,
A summons out of heaven came,
A Primal Pledge to keep.

O little dreaming son of mine,
I see Creation's purpose shine.
The mother soul that finely hears
The music of the brooding spheres,
Hath told the message thou didst bring,
The song that I must sing.
Mothers have sung of sword and shield,
The splendor of the battlefield;
My lips shall sing a nobler song—
The love that conquers wrong!

The Power that built the dome of space
And carved night's pillars, firm and sure,
The Love that formed this little face,
Hath shaped a purpose, radiant, pure.
O driving Force that will not rest,
That swings the suns and pearls the dew,
O Force that thrills my mother's breast,
Help me to live that purpose through!
Amid the tumult of the earth,

The shout of arms, the clash of steel,
The wail of brutal death and birth,
May he be strong to heal!

O little son, O little son,
What glorious conquests shall be won!
What huge compelling powers grope
And flower in thy mother's hope!
What yearnings of the Primal Cause
Shall plead earth's higher laws!
Thy tiny hands, like petals furled,
How they shall toil to bless the world;
What flame shall leap from thy small breast
To champion the oppressed!

O Star that shone to lead mankind,
Help him the hidden path to find,
That he may speak Christ's word again
Of "Peace on Earth" to men!
He shall not fight for lust of might;
The sons of men he shall not slay;
His sword shall be a sword of light
To bring the larger day!

O, LITTLE WINDOW

O, little window where the sun comes through,
How many times I've lived and loved with you!
I used to take you all my hopes and fears,
My child's temptations and my maiden's tears.
How soft your curtains were against my face—
I seemed to feel her love within the lace.
My mother made them with her own dear hand
Before she passed into that other land.
How patiently you heard my every vow. . . .
Could you have told me then what I know now,
O, little window!

O, little window where the storm beats wild,
How many times I feared you as a child!
How many times I ran to hide my head
Beneath the cover of my little bed,
Until at last I sobbed myself to sleep,
Praying that God my frightened soul would keep.
I fear you now no more, for I am grown.
Terror and tears and tempest have I known,
Yet fearlessly have breasted every wave,
Knowing that God my trusting soul would save—
O, little window!

O, little window where the vines grow sweet,
How many times we've listened for his feet,

Just you and I when all the world was white
With moon and magic on a summer night.
How foolishly we feared, when he was late,
Until we heard his dear voice at the gate—
O, he was wonderful, my prince of men! . . .
We've watched and waited many times since
then—
That fatal night I would have been his bride,
The night my heart broke and my lover died—
O, little window!

O, little window where love comes again,
To pay for all my bitterness and pain,
To bind the bruises and to heal the stings,
And bring faith back to me on strengthened
wings. . . .
Not the dear love my ardent youth had lost,
But strong and true and worthy of the cost;
How many miracles your dawns have seen,
How many tragedies that might have been—
The time God came to me and made me blest,
The night I held my first born to my breast,
O, little window!

O, little window where I kneel to pray,
How oft you've helped me conquer through
the day,
Given me strength to grapple with my woe,
Taught me to bravely stand and face my foe.
Shown me the path when I was blinded quite,
Changed me from serf to master in a night,

Lifted my face to meet the morning sun,
My sorrow vanquished and my battle won.
How shall I ever know so dear a friend,
My faithful comforter unto the end—
O, little window!

HER CHILDREN AND MINE

Her children play in artificial fields,
Made warm and rosy with electric hue;
Rugs are their moss and floors their only sod,
And painted ceilings, patterned after God,
Smile over them with unrelenting blue.
My children know the joys that Nature yields,
In happy meadows glorified with dew;
With shout and cry and laughter, gushing free,
Companioned by the robin and the bee
They romp the wild day through.

Her children gaze on tantalizing bloom
At florist counters, primly out of reach,
Or, from their window ledge
In bowl or cup
They watch the miracle of Spring rush up.
They learn the lesson that the flowers teach
From hot house daisies, drooping in a room.
My children have a friend in every hedge;
From road, and swamp and hill
They learn at will
The truths that pulpits preach.

O, children, and O, mothers, come with me!
Leave the harsh friendship of the city street,
The scant green pleasure of the wayside park
And homes that hold the dark.
Shake the hot dust of pavements from your feet,

Come out into the open and be free . . .
For oh!—the woods and grasses are so sweet
And God will show you in his scarlet fire
Leaping in every tiny twig and spire
How radiant life may be!

OCTOBER

The world was burnished all too bright,
Too gorgeous for the aching sight;
God breathed upon it, over night
And lo! The mountains, angel-kissed
Are clothed with blue October mist
Lovely as amethyst.

AN ICE STORM

Nature repents her of the sullen mood
That stripped the forests of their loveliness,
Ravished the orchards of their luscious food,
And robbed the gardens of their glowing
dress—
Nature repents.
All in a night her penance hath performed,
And o'er the earth a rain of pity stormed—
Tears turned to glory in the crystal air—
And lo! A sudden world celestial fair.

THE WHOLE YEAR CHRISTMAS

O, could we keep the Christmas thrill,
The goad of gladness and good-will,
The lift of laughter and the touch
Of kindled hands that utter much,
Not once a year, but all the time,
The melody of hearts in chime,
The impulse beautiful and kind,
Of soul to soul and mind to mind
That swings the world
And brings the world
On one great day of all the year
Close to God's treasure house of cheer. . . .
O, could we keep the Christmas feast,
Even when goods and gold are least;
Here, 'mid our common, daily scenes,
Could we but live what Christmas means,
Not one day, but for every day
The miracle of wholesome play,
The spirit sweet, gift-giving, young,
From deepest wells of feeling sprung. . . .

What a different world this world would be!
For we would see as children see,
If only a magic way were found
To make us children the whole year round!

PART VII.

UTTERANCE

March with the marching morn,
Thrill to the world new born;
Render thyself to the radiant day,
Thy woe to the winds that play;
Mount with the mounting bird,
Herd with the clouds that herd;
Be jubilant, be jubilant, O, my soul,
For thou art alive to the whole!
Autumn will take thee streaming, streaming,
Out where the fields of the earth are teeming,
Out where the country seaward speeds,
With eyes of heaven to watch her flight,
Rivers and rails her harness bright,
And galloping hills her steeds.
Fly with the flying hills,
Go where the spirit wills.
Fling to the winds thy self-control—
Be riotous, O, my Soul.
Swarm with the swarming trees,
Shout with the shouting breeze—
Be riotous, be riotous, O, my heart,
Live utterly what thou art.

Ride on the wings of thy white emotion,
Race with the land to the tossing ocean;
Canopied clouds above thy head
And glory beneath thee spread.
Sing, sing, mightily sing,

Flashing by on tumultuous wing;
Sing of the gardens, O, my soul;
See how their patterns fast unroll
Carpets of crimson hugely flung,
Blankets of gold on the hillside hung,
Rivers of sun and shadow chasing,
Ribboning roads and hedges racing.
Rye a' sowing, corn a' blowing,
Russet harvest fields a' glowing,
Swifter, swifter, O, my heart!
Royally, royally live thy part,
Take to thyself ethereal pores,
Soaring strong as the eagle soars.

Heed how the rioting colors run . . .
Topaz meadows, striped with sun;
Seal brown mountains, sleek as fur;
Hilltops ripe as a chestunt burr.
And roads, roads with their trails unending,
Sashes of silver, winding, blending;
Streamers of light that beckon the sky . . .
Let no part of the splendor by! . . .
Emerald, amber, hyacinth, jade—
Drink of the glory, shade on shade
(God, how greatly the world is made!);
Utterly drink, O, soul of mine,
Drain the brew of the world like wine.

Colors tumultuous, without number,
Bronze and blue and mellow umber,
Clamoring, tumbling faster yet—

Scarlet, mauve, maroon and jet;
And blues, blues till the senses blind;
Blues which only the soul can find—
Blues that stream from heavenly sluices,
Brewed from far celestial juices.
Sword-sharp blues that pierce and sting,
Darkling blue of the heron's wing;
Frosted blue that is softly hoary,
Radiant blue of the morning glory;
Blue that purples pansy-pink—
Drink, drink, my spirit, drink!
Till face to face with the desert brink
We leave our quivering steeds behind,
Winging alone to seek and find
Furious joy in the desert wind.
Forth, my spirit, to know at last
Ardor missed in the temperate past.

Lift, lift, lazily lift;
Drift, drift in the sultry air;
Splendor is here as everywhere.
Ardor will take thee, raving, raving,
Out where the plains of the earth lie craving.
Ardor will give thee a yearning mouth
Wild as the desert drouth.
Forth! Let us breathe the terrific heat
That flames at the core of all creation;
Pulse to pulse with the earth's heart-beat,
In madness find our sole salvation.
Water awaits thee, singing, singing,

Out where the streams of the land are springing,
Out where the breath of the day is cool
From kissing the mountain pool.

Flame with the flaming lands,
Burn with the burning sands,
Yield all the dew of thy being up
To the desert's molten cup.
Thirst with the thirst of the arid plain,
Savagely thirst for the lips of rain;
Be passionate, be passionate, O, my soul,
For thou art a voice of the whole!
Then stand superb, as the Rockies stand,
Giant sentries that guard the land;
Beautiful barriers hugely hurled
By Time, who loves the world.
Here let us pause, here let us wait,
Fronting the glorious western gate;
Listening close what the mountains say
As they lift their heads to pray.
Hush, my soul! It is holy ground;
Here shall we find what Moses found;
Caught in the terrible sweep of space
Shall bare to the sky our frightened face;
Standing tall as the mountains stand
Shall clasp the Creator's hand.

Soul, have we lived to this moment's mark,
Never to praise as mountains praise?

How have we burrowed in the dark!
How have we squandered nights and days!
Then praise, praise with our blended might—
Praise Him for hearing, praise Him for sight;
Praise Him for feeling and all it brings,
For life that surges and blood that sings.
Praise for the blossoming Paradise
Waiting under the western skies . . .
Land so lovely, the sun grows red
With yearning and with sweet despair;
With answering gold the skies are rare
Above her wealth outspread.
Beckoning land that is gleaming, gleaming,
Out where the balm of the earth is streaming;
Luscious country of vine and rose,
Where honeyed plenty flows.
Swing to the swinging day,
Play with the winds that play;
Drink all the dew of the valleys up
In the spirit's crystal cup.
Laugh with the laughing morn,
Romp with the day, new-born;
Be rapturous, be rapturous, O, my heart,
Live joyously what thou art.

Great is the secret Love hath taught thee,
Sweet is the land where Love hath brought thee;
Millions of blossoms gold and white,
Blooming like stars upon the sight;

And look! What wonderful suns are these
Twinkling in beauty among the trees?
Solar systems as brightly fair
As the luminous globes of the upper air;
Planets scattered in living gold
For mortals to taste and hold.
Forth, my heart, while the sun shines brightly;
Spread thy delicate pinions lightly;
Drift, drift, happily drift;
Sift, sift, as sunbeams sift;
Skimming low as the swallows skim,
Close to the meadow's fragrant rim;
Miss no part of the song or shine,
But climb with the climbing vine;
Twine with the leaves that twine,
Take to thyself mysterious ways,
Cousin of dews and mountain haze;
Blow silk-fine like the gossamer thread
Swung for the spider's hammock bed;
Hinges of body and soul unyoke,
Issue spiral, as silver smoke—
Breathe, breathe, tenderly breathe,
Wreathe, wreathe from out thy sheath;
Skimming low o'er the feathery grass,
Let us wade in the wash of the winds that pass;
Sliding subtly as shadows slide,
Into the garden let us glide;
Down the slender stalks
By the garden walks,

Thin as the air and fine as the sun,
Let us run and shimmer as sunbeams run.
Loose and large as the flying breeze,
Small to enter where we please;
Large to compass the worlds that swing,
Tiny to ring as blossoms ring.

Dip, dip to the waiting flower.
For a darling hour
Sip, sip from her golden heart;
Lusciously, tenderly, take thy part.
Draw to thyself ethereal ways,
Thin to thread the bewildering maze
Of tangled grasses and underbrush;
Lying low in the quivering hush,
Breathe deep down with the growing corn,
Learn how the seeds are born.

Then off, at the lure of the furious ocean;
Open thy wings to the sea-gull's motion,
Scatter thy fears and fetters all
To answer the siren call;
Shout with the shouting seas,
Rage as the spirit please,
Boom with the roar
Of the surf on the shore—
Be boisterous, O, my soul.
Leap with the leaping wave,
Rave with the winds that rave,
Be rapturous, be furious, be radiant, be riotous,

Thou who art one with the whole!
Autumn will take thee flying, flying,
Out where the ships of the world are plying,
Out where the soul and creation keep
Their tryst with the soundless deep.

Drift, drift, lustily drift;
Lift, lift with the lifting tide;
Follow the path
Of the ocean's wrath,
Ride far out on the waves that ride,
Towering high as the breaker towers,
Crash in delirious showers.
Foaming, eddying, fretting, whirling,
Hurrying, waltzing, scampering, swirling,
Landward surging,
Panting, urging . . .
Hold! . . . Hold
For the beautiful, bold,
Terrible leap we shall know at length.
Rally thy forces, rein thy strength;
Muttering, quivering, rolling, tumbling,

Seething, rumbling,
Thundering, roaring,
Furious creatures, bellowing deep,
Maddened herds we dare not keep . . .
Forth at last! Hugely soaring . . .
Now . . . higher!
Higher still, my soul, aspire!

In a terrible wall of ocean fire
Sweep to the summit of life's revealing,
Rise to the uttermost peaks of feeling.
Rise . . . rise . . .
To the summoning skies,
Nor pause, nor wait
Till they who lean from Heaven's gate
Gather the breaker's foaming flowers.

Take to thyself stupendous powers,
Poised atop of the vaulting crest . . .
Look in the eyes of a white cloud sailing,
Snatch the end of her gossamer veiling.
Drink of her beauty, face to face,
Leap to her languid, sweet embrace.
Lie, with all thy senses failing,
Cradled soft in her lovely breast,
Rest . . . Rest . . .
Rest . . . Rest . . .
Bask a while
In her brooding smile . . .
Melting with her melting whiteness,
Shredded into airy lightness,
Midway hung 'twixt sky and sea—
Lo! What terror startles thee?

Knowest thou no ill can harm thee,
Nature yearneth but to charm thee.
Rein the elements! They are thine;
Wind and sky and storm and brine . . .

Wild sea horses prance and quiver,
Chargers waiting to deliver.
Hoops of silver circle o'er thee,
Wraiths of cloud that wreathe before thee.
Vaulting through each fairy ring,
Spring, spring, mightily spring . . .
Presto! Pause thee not for wonder . . .
Cling, cling to thy perilous goal,
Nor let thy horses slip from under.
Praise thee, praise thee, O, my soul!

Back, back, over thy track,
Striding the waves, breasting the sea,
Back, my spirit, come to me.
Shouting, singing, laughing, screaming,
Say farewell to Autumn dreaming.
Harness the storm, conquer the wind,
Haste thee back to the lesser mind,
The brain's demand and the body's needs.
Faster fly on thy foaming steeds,
Answer thine owner's human crying.
Over the continent flying, flying . . .
Here at last!
Rider, thou hast journeyed fast!
Here I lie with a book at ease,
Dozing under the Autumn trees.
Heart, O, Heart, is the rapture done,
The glory over, with set of sun?
Soul, shall we go to our evening bed
With the best of us yet unsaid?

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